

## TOTAL ABSTINENCE PLEDGE SIGNED BY SCORES AT CENTRAL UNION CHURCH

(Continued from Page 1.)

hardly what to do, only to love them and study them, and understand them, but they turned out all right. I tell you, love is an investment that pays a hundred per cent. Why don't more of us invest?

"Maybe there are some of you here tonight away from home; maybe you forgot to write a letter; maybe you forgot to send a Christmas present to the folks? Oh, that is too bad! I tell you what, my boy, you come up here and sign the pledge and put it in a letter and send it to the old folks. Maybe you don't drink, but do it anyway. Your poor mother will be so happy to see that pledge with your name on it. She will kiss it and be so happy. She will say to herself, 'Oh, my son John has signed the pledge and he won't drink. I never thought he would anyway, but now I know he won't.' It will be such a sweet thing to her; send it to her in a letter, a love letter to your mother; won't you, boys? She will always be afraid until you do."

"There are prodigal boys who begin to get wrong with their father like this: They can't get up in the morning early, and they run big tailor bills, and accounts at the livery stable, and the poor old daddy protests, and says, 'Go slow, my boy, go slow.' But the boy wants to be a sport. Boys will trot, I tell you, boys will trot. Aren't you ashamed of yourselves, you poor fellows, you, when you look back at the way you treated your poor old father? When you want to get hold of a ten-dollar bill go out and earn it, and then you'll know the value of it. Don't go down into your poor old dad's pocket for it. The school of experience is a splendid thing for a boy that wants to be a sport. The experience of earning money will soon take the sport out of him. Well, the old man sees that his Tom is going an awful gait, and he tries to stop him, but maybe he goes at it the wrong way, and there is a row, and Tom gets mad and leaves. Then the poor little mother, she was in it, too, she goes away and cries, and her heart, tender heart is grieved. Maybe the boy puts on his best clothes and starts out, and his father asks him where he is going."

"Down town," says the boy. "What for?" asks the old man. "Nothing," answers the boy, "the other fellow gets angry and says, 'What do you want to go down town for nothing?' and the boy says, 'Well, I am going down town, anyhow,' and he starts, and the father cries out after him."

"You'd better go in early. If you ain't in by a clock I'll lock you out," and the boy's blood boils up in his head and makes him dizzy, and he shouts back, 'Well, then, go ahead and lock me out, and that's the way it goes, and maybe it's a case of throw out, instead of a lock-out.'"

"Oh, father, when you remember how you felt when you were a boy—why don't you remember that your boy has your blood in his veins, and that he won't be driven! When you speak to him in that way, ordering him to do this or not to do that, don't you know that his blood, which is your blood, is going to be lost? And he is going to lose his head, and leave you. Do you know what it is to lose your boy? And you, yourself—don't you know you have got a big load of passion on board, and that it is going to wreck your boy's life if you don't govern it and lose your temper? It is so easy to manage the boy, don't you know it?"

"Why, I had a chap like that on my hands once. He dressed up fine, and he had his cane under his arm and his gloves on, and he was coming to the door, and the youngster started out. 'Where are you going, my boy?' I asked him. 'Down town,' says he. 'What are you going down town for?' says I. 'Oh, nothing,' says he. 'Where are you going?' I asked. 'Down town,' said he. 'What do you want to go down town for?' I asked. 'Nothing,' said he, 'but I'm going in.'"

"I reached up and got my hat. I didn't want to be deprived of my boy's company. I said, 'I guess I'll go with you.' He looked at me a minute and said, 'What you, going down town, and going with me?' I said, 'Yes, and when he took off his hat and coat and gloves and laid down his cane. 'Well, then, I guess I won't go,' said he. 'All right, my son,' said I, 'we'll have a pleasant evening together,' and we did."

"That boy wasn't a mean boy. There isn't a mean boy in town. All boys are good. They are made bad by bad company."

"I had another sort of a boy, too. Once a great sorrow came into our house, and the boy took it hard. He went about quietly and didn't say anything, but my heart ached for him. He would go upstairs and look at a certain picture hanging on the wall, and when I'd call him to dinner he would say, 'I can't believe I care for any dinner, father.' Poor child, he was grieving, and I couldn't say anything to him. By and by I knew he was going for a few weeks, and I thought maybe I could turn his mind off of his grief. I was in a hurry, and so I left a very important matter for him to attend to, and he promised he would. When I came back the boys and girls came around me and they were all glad to see me home again. I was happy, too, and we were all happy together. I asked the boy about the matter I had left for him to do, and I saw by his face that he had neglected it, even before he said, 'Oh, father, I forgot it.' 'Well, I felt so badly that I just cried. It had meant a great deal, and my boy had forgotten it.'"

"While I cried my boy came and put his arms around my neck and pleaded for forgiveness. 'Oh, father,' he said, 'if you will forgive me I will never neglect you again, and I will always love you and remember what you tell me.' I took the boy in my arms and kissed him and blessed him, and that was the beginning of a great understanding between us. Ever since he has been an obedient and a blessing to me, my poor boy, he knows his father needed anything he would move heaven and earth to get it for me. Oh, fathers, have the doors of your hearts wide open, and full of love and tenderness for your children. Oh, how many prodigals there are through misunderstanding between father and son! And how often there is never a reconciliation! How many prodigals tonight are there around the flowing bowl, and how many broken-hearted mothers are at home wondering where the wandering boy has strayed? How many a trusting father, too, has been disappointed in his son. Oh, boys, it is a cruel thing to betray a trusting father. Your dear old father that loves you, and is proud of you, how can you sneak away into vice and sin, away from his love and his trust?"

"Think of him growing old, and his poor head growing gray with the weight of the years; your poor old father! His beloved boy is lost to him, and he is sorrowing. If he is still spared to you, won't you write your dear old father a letter? God bless you! Oh, God give us love and compassion and splendid charity that we may reach out and save sons from the world, and give them back to their dear fathers and mothers! We are such curious people. We have sorrows and don't say anything about them. Jesus didn't say anything about his sorrow. He knew they were going to betray him, and kill him, and nail him to the cross, but he didn't say anything about it. God bless you, no, he just grieved and suffered. We are like him, we poor curious people. We hide away our sorrows, and won't let them out, and people don't know we have them, and they have to approach us very gently lest they startle us. The poor old broken fathers don't say anything about the sorrows that are burning their hearts. Maybe their neighbors will say, 'How feeble the captain is getting to be. He has been growing old ever since the boy went away.' That is all that the world knows of the great sorrow that is turning the dear old father's hair white, and bending his poor stooping shoulders lower with the years."

"I'll tell you about an experience I had once. There was a big family of good people, but they had a bad boy. So bad they never mentioned his name to their friends, and his picture had been carried upstairs, because people would see it and ask painful questions. The girls didn't want to go out into society, because people would ask about Edward, and the bad boy cast a sorrow over the whole house. One time he came into meeting, and his father begged me to speak with him. I did, and glory to God, my words touched his heart, for he had a great big heart, had this spoiled boy. He came up and signed the pledge, and he was a great big fellow, as strong as an ox."

"How that dear family rejoiced, and how they wept and laughed and hung around poor wayward Ned, for he was reformed again. I went to my room at the hotel, and about 2 o'clock in the morning there was a knock at my door. I thought the house was on fire, or something, and I jumped out and opened the door, and who do you think was there? Why it was that great big fellow that had signed the pledge, and he cried and said he had got a message, and wanted to show it to me. It was from his wife. She had been gone from him a long, long time, but when the dear mother knew her son was converted she sent a message, and back to the father came a word of love and encouragement. The big fellow never touched another drop, and now he is living happily with a dear little wife and his babies. God bless them!"

"There was once a girl down east that left her home and strayed into a wayward path. She would not come home, though her dear mother pleaded with her, and she was bowed in sorrow. For a long time she strayed, and her name had ceased to be spoken in the household. But the mother, the dear little mother, had not forgotten, and she found a way. She found out where the girl's room was, and she went and had a picture taken, and took it to the daughter's room. She said to herself, 'My poor little girl will come home some night and she will see her mother's face looking at her from the wall, and she will come home.' That just what she did. One miserable night the poor wayward girl came home, and while she was shaking the water off her dress she saw the face of her mother, and a little cry went out from her. It was a little, miserable heart-broken cry—and that night she crept to the door of her old home. She tried the door, and it was unlocked. Then she went in and slipped into her mother's room and kissed the dear wrinkled face. The mother threw her arms around her long-lost daughter and was oh, so glad."

"When the girl asked how it was that the door was unlocked, the little mother said, 'I knew you would come home sometime, little one, and I did not want my daughter to find the door locked. You will stay with us, won't you, dear?' And she did. Oh, there is great strength in love—it is the strength that comes with love and faith in Jesus, and I don't care what depth of degradation vice and sin has dragged a human being, glory be to God! that strength is enough to prevail against the gates of Hell. Come up here tonight, every one of you, and while you have the courage, God's love, my brothers, and love is what you need. God bless you."

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## LINCOLN'S GIFT TO A HONOLULUAN

### How Rev. James Kekela Won Watch and Chain He Wears.



REV. JAMES KEKELA AND HIS WIFE.

DOWN by Kamaupili Church there lives a queer old man who has many a thrilling tale to tell.

His name is Kekela, and he is over seventy-five years old. He has many a treasure, each with a story of its own, but most dearly prized among them is a beautiful gold watch and chain which the gray-haired old gentleman often exhibits with great pride. It was given him by President Lincoln, he says, and an American citizen from being eaten by cannibals. Here is the story:

In the little Sunday school conducted by the father of Rev. Mr. Parker many years ago over beyond the Nuuanu pail, there was a very devout little fellow. His name was James Kekela, and he grew up with a great desire to spread the tidings of the gospel among the people of his own islands and the benighted ones further south, thousands of miles away.

He studied hard and preached among his brothers, finally, with a Reverend tacked to his name, going out over the sea on the hazardous task of carrying the gospel to the cannibal natives of the Marquesan group.

Attempts had repeatedly been made by white missionaries to institute friendly relations, but without avail, and the task had been given up. At last an aged chief, drawing near to death, sent to Hawaii for some one to come and explain the strange theory he had heard about, and Kekela went. He resolved with courtesy by a few of the islanders, but there were those who resented and were unfriendly.

For years Kekela struggled to find a little church among them, and when he had succeeded the hostile ones threw stones through his windows, and repeatedly burned down his buildings. At one time he was in danger from his stone house, and killed nearly all of his little band of followers. These Kekela learned had been tortured to death and their bodies cooked and eaten by the enemies of his church, and the horror of it nearly drove him away, but he struggled on and finally came to be of some influence among them. Those who did not believe ceased to torment, at least, and tolerated his little church, but they were cannibals still, and were continually warring among themselves. Kekela and his flock were always in danger from the warring factions, but they remained and labored.

One day a strange ship came to the islands, and some of her crew landed. From afar the natives had seen the ship, and they waited, hidden among the rocks and brush. The men were caught in ambush, but they all escaped to their boats except one. The ship was the American whaler Congress, and the captive was William Whalen, first officer.

The ship went out to a safe distance and waited, for she could not go on more. On the beach they saw the preparations for the horrible doom of their comrades. All night a fire was kept up, and weird ceremonies were performed. The captive, bound hand and foot, was cruelly tortured, the savages pulling his ears and nose, bending back his thumbs, brandishing their knives over him, and committing all manner of atrocities. The poor man cried out in his agony and prayed for death, but this was not to be until the sun had risen. He was compelled to see them bury the dead and prepare the fire upon which his body was to be roasted alive, and to see the savage children dancing in glee over the coming feast.

Just at dawn, when everything was ready, the missionary Kekela arrived. He had heard about the distress, with great pleading did no good, and he offered a ransom, but the cannibals were inexorable. Kekela hastened away, and among his flock gathered up all the articles of value he could, among them his own watch and chain that he had won. With these he finally made a bargain for the life of the American, though the chief of the cannibal faction was surly, and treachery was feared. Kekela borrowed a boat, and unbending the dazed captive took him to his ship. The officers begged him to go away with them, but to all their sirs in criminal cases and Judge Noyes is the District Judge. Both are doing excellent work."

the islands. They had to let him return. What he suffered in the years that followed only Kekela knows, but he stayed at his post, and nearly a year after he had saved the life of the American another ship cautiously approached the Marquesan islands. She brought a message from the President of the United States, thanking him for his services and tendering him an invitation to visit the Republic. With the message came a beautifully made boat and a gold watch and chain, with other tokens, aggregating the value of \$500. These, President Lincoln begged Kekela to accept as an acknowledgment of what he had done. The boat is now worn out long since, but the old man still fondly wears the watch and chain. He remained many years among the Marquesans, and came away only when he was compelled to for the sake of his health. Although he is now nearly fourscore, and has grown very feeble, it is his one desire to return to his work there, and he keeps himself informed of all that is going on among the people there.

It is interesting to note that in the cannibal war just ended in the Marquesans, the cannibal chief who protested so persistently against the rebellion, was shot dead by the opposing faction, and was himself overtaken by the horrible fate he would have doomed his captive to.

## ALASKA A GREAT PRIZE

Twice its Purchase Price Was Made in Gold Last Year.

NEW YORK, Jan. 3.—The output of the Alaskan gold fields for 1901 will be fully \$15,000,000, said Lyman S. Allen, of Seattle, who left Nome City on October 25, at the Waldorf-Astoria, last night. "Alaska will soon be to the United States what South Africa is to England," continued Mr. Allen. "One of the vexatious things which the miners had to contend with this year was the interminable squabble over claims. The overflow of miners from the Klondike struck us last spring and settled on claims already staked. In some cases they would remove the claims and drive new stakes, and the original owners have been fighting thousands of these cases in the courts all the year. The gold output for 1900 would have been much larger but for this. The beach claims at and near Nome have been worked out, but back on the creeks there is an unlimited amount of gold. I have a good claim on Oregon creek, twenty-five miles from Nome and twenty miles back from the coast. The latest important strike is on Kotzebue Sound, Bay of Good Hope, away off to the north of Nome. Another important strike that promises great results is in the Blue Stone creek district, west of Nome, and twenty miles south of Port Clarence, one of the good harbors of Western Alaska. The Blue Stone creek district has opened with a rush and it seems to be fully as good as the famous Anvil creek, which cleaned up \$2,000,000 this year. One of the peculiar features about Blue Stone is that it was discovered and opened up by 'tenderfoot.' An experienced miner and his nephew were asked to go and look it over. The old miner went all over the territory and told his friends that there was not anything there worth the while, and came away. Afterward the 'tenderfoot' came along and opened the district with great results. Between 5,000 and 7,000 men are wintering at Nome and doing what work they can. All last year there were between 25,000 and 30,000 in and around Nome. The general health was excellent, and in this the people were happily disappointed. The run of typhoid in 1900 led everyone to believe that disease would again be prevalent, but the deaths were exceedingly rare this year. There were a good many fights over territorial rights, early in the season, but things have settled down now. Judge Stevens is the District Judge. Both are doing excellent work."

The best cough drops are drops of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. The next time you take cold, dose yourself with a lot of home remedies and dilly-dally along until your cough is deep-seated and you are threatened with pneumonia or consumption. That's one way, to be sure. Here's another way: Take

## Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

at bedtime and be all right the next morning. Isn't that the better way? Then continue the Cherry Pectoral a few days until your throat and lungs have completely healed and all danger of future trouble is past.

Another grand thing about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is that it cures hard coughs, the hardest kind of old coughs, even after all other remedies have failed.

Put up in large and small bottles. When it hurts your lungs to cough, then apply one of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Plasters directly over the painful lung. It will quiet the pain, remove all congestion, and greatly strengthen.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

HOLLISTER DRUG CO., Agents.

## LOCAL BREVITIES.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Waterhouse are at present staying at the Peninsula.

J. B. Robertson, proprietor of the Maui News, is in town for a short business trip.

Sheriff Coney, of Kauai, arrived in this city on the W. G. Hall Sunday morning. He will return to Kauai this afternoon.

James D. Doolittle, recently arrived from San Francisco, has been named city editor of the Republican, to succeed Mr. Branson, who has resigned.

The Rev. E. S. Chapman has been compelled to postpone his departure for this city indefinitely, to the regret of his many friends, who are interested in the results of his temperance work.

Wray Taylor has received another letter from the commissioner of agriculture at Washington, requesting that he make a very thorough experiment with lupin beans and report the results.

The Rev. C. H. Thomkins, missionary at Paauilo, has addressed a pastoral letter to his people on the island of Hawaii, expressing the hope that he will soon be able to take up his work again.

A number of people went to Maui on the Eclipse yesterday afternoon to inspect the Kahikuni ranch. This ranch has lately been purchased for Henry Waterhouse and others. It will be used for grazing purposes exclusively.

The board of commissioners of the Fire Department of this city has presented its estimates for coming year to the Superintendent of Public Works. Eventually they will be presented to the Legislature. The current bills were audited and paid at the last meeting of the board.

The usual Burns' anniversary social will be held in Waverley Hall, Bethel street, on Friday evening, January 25, at 8 o'clock. Tickets (\$1.00 each) may be had from the following members of the committee: Messrs. N. Kay, George Dall, D. Macrae, J. C. McGill, T. Murray, A. S. Guld, J. H. Catton, R. Anderson, J. C. Brown.

## FISTIC CHAMPIONSHIP.

Fitzsimmons and Jeffries May Meet at Carson.

CARSON, Nev., Jan. 3.—Dan Stuart authorized the statement today that he is arranging to pull off a fight in this city between the 25th of May and the 10th of June for the championship of the world. He will also give a purse for a fight between Terry McGovern and a man he will produce at the ringside on the day of battle. McGovern has been considered invincible in his class, crawling up from bantam-weight to lightweight and downing all opposition, but Stuart thinks he has found a man of his class who can take his measure; and if not give McGovern the greatest battle of his life.

The signs point to the big battle as one between Fitzsimmons and Jeffries, but Stuart is very guarded in his statements, and as a great mass of so-called interviews have gone out he desires to speak authoritatively and deliberately in the matter. The news came by wire from Chicago yesterday that Fitz and Jeff had been matched to fight in Carson in May. When asked if this was "the cards," Stuart said the news was not a surprise to him. "There will be a fight in this city under my management next summer, and it will be a world's championship battle."

## OAHU POLO CLUB.

Members Consult With Maui Players as To Rules.

The attendance of members of the Oahu Polo Club at Moanalua last Saturday was not as large as had been anticipated, but a good game was enjoyed by those present.

Sides were chosen as follows: Messrs. Ed. Lamon, Fred. Damon and C. W. Dickey against Messrs. J. P. Fleming, J. P. Cooke, F. T. P. Waterhouse and Harold M. Mott-Smith. Four tentative halves were played and a keen contest resulted in a victory for the latter team by 3 goals to 2.

The club has been very fortunate in being able to secure twelve sticks from the Maui Polo Club. The committee on rules met yesterday afternoon and definitely decided upon a code. A communication has been forwarded to Maui, asking for a perusal of the rules adopted by the Oahu club. It is anticipated that the Maui club will modify their rules in accordance with those of the local club, if they do not in the future use the latter in their entirety. The Maui polo men favor the English code, which possesses an offside rule that is productive of much squabbling among the players. In the code adopted by the Honolulu players this objectionable feature is eliminated.

There is talk of the formation of a polo club on Hawaii, and if this comes about an association of all the clubs is likely to be formed.

A large attendance is looked for at the grounds next Saturday afternoon.

## WILSON OUT; MCKENZIE IN

### Volcano Stables Change Management.

## BOOM FOR RACING HERE

### New Man Noted California Horseman and Has Plenty of Money.

J. R. Wilson is no longer connected with the Volcano Stables and Transportation Company, of Hilo; that is to say, he will be no longer than is necessary to wind up his management and introduce a new manager.

Wilson tendered his resignation to the directors of the company a few days ago, and it has been accepted. Failing health and the close attention demanded by his big stock ranch in Nevada are the reasons of the late manager's action.

Wilson has been connected with the Volcano Stables, principally in the capacity of manager, for the past twenty years. G. S. McKenzie will be Mr. Wilson's successor. He is a Scotch-Canadian by birth, and is well known throughout the Islands as an importer of live stock. McKenzie hails from Napa county, California, where he originally engaged in the carriage and general merchandise business. In 1888 he ran for sheriff of the county on the Republican ticket. The office had been held by a Democrat fourteen years. McKenzie proved successful, and filled the office until 1898, when he decided to withdraw from politics.

In 1897 he was selected by the sheriff of California to go before the State legislature in the interests of the county government bill, which bill he amended and was instrumental in putting through; that bill is in force today. After retiring from politics McKenzie sold his ranch, which was one of the largest in Napa county, and commenced to ship his stock to these Islands.

McKenzie is extremely interested in racing, and owns Socialist, which is now running at the Coast tracks, and recently ran a mile in 1:39. He refused \$2,000 for the animal a big sum ago, and may bring him here for the June meeting and race him under his own colors.

The new manager has purchased all the stock in the concern held by J. R. Wilson, including his personal effects directly connected with the business, and his racing stable. He leaves for the Coast next Friday to purchase new stock and obtain efficient help, and will return about the first of March. The contract stipulates that he shall take charge on or before April 1st.

The business of the Volcano Stables is one of the largest in the Islands, and includes livery stables, hack stands, bus lines, the Honolulu race track, draying, teaming, carriage manufacturing and painting, horseshoeing, harnessmaking and trimming, and the stage and mail routes of the Islands.

McKenzie will organize a stock yard independent of the Volcano Stables, and will handle stock of all kinds, paying especial attention to fast running and driving horses. He has also leased J. R. Wilson's land at Waimanalo, which he will devote to stock purposes.

The racing policy of the new manager will be radically different to that of the old, for whereas, Wilson owned a large number of race horses, his successor will have none, as he thinks that in the best interest of sport, a horse track manager should not run horses on the track he is handling. It is his plan to get as many horses to the Islands as possible, and to hold big meetings twice a year. Extensive shipments of stock will be made to the Honolulu meetings provided the local owners agree to reciprocate. If business justifies it, McKenzie contemplates the converting of the Hilo half-mile track into one of a mile.

The following horses, lately the property of J. R. Wilson, are offered for sale at the stated prices: Billy McKloskey, a h. g. aged by Joe Hooker, \$400; Virgie A. blk. m. aged by True Briton-Big Bertha, \$300; General Cronje (Coast Range), b. g. aged by Martenhurst-Songstress, \$200; Daisy Belle (rotter), c. m. aged, \$350. The property of G. S. McKenzie: Waterfalls, b. g. 4 years, by Watercrest-Menava, \$300; Grace Clark (2:23), c. m., 6 years, by Nutwood, \$350.

The retirement of J. R. Wilson will be very generally regretted, for he has in large measure, been responsible for the raising of the standard of Island racing, and has been entirely so for the present flourishing state of racing on Hawaii. Consolation will be found, however, in the reflection that in G. S. McKenzie the best interests of Hawaiian racing have found a conscientious guardian and a devoted enthusiast.

## DEPARTMENT HEADS CONFER TOGETHER

### Honolulu Iron Works Want a Renewal of a Lease of Land.

At the Governor's Council yesterday morning Treasurer Lansing brought up the matter of an application from F. Wright for light wines and beer license at Hilo, with a petition from residents. No objection was made to Mr. Lansing's granting the license.

Mr. Lansing also submitted his financial report for 1900 to the Governor.

P. M. Hatch came in in regard to the exchange deeds between the Oahu Railroad Company and the Territory. The matter was deferred for action later.

An application was read by Mr. McCandless from the Honolulu Iron Works for a renewal of lease to the lands on Queen street which was the location of the old Iron Works. This was referred back to Mr. McCandless for more definite information. He then read a communication from Mr. Baldwin, of Hilo, in regard to the exchange of land with Mr. L. Turner and showed maps of the new proposition. The meeting recommended that Mr. McCandless make such exchange.

The Council will meet this morning for the reading of departmental reports for 1900.